

# Akala - Comedy Tragedy History Lyrics

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Day boy Akala's a diamond fella  
All you little boys are a comedy of errors  
You bellow but you fellows get played like  
The cello, I'm doing my ting  
You're jealous like Othello.  
Who you? what you gonna do?  
All you little boys get Tamed like the Shrew  
You're mid-summer dreamin'  
Your tunes aren't appealing  
I'm Capulet, you're Montague, I ain't feeling  
I am the Julius Caesar hear me  
The Merchant Of Venice couldn't sell your CD  
As for me, All's Well That Ends Well  
Your boy's like Macbeth, you're going to Hell  
Measure for Measure, I am the best here  
You're Merry Wives of Windsor not King Lear  
I don't know about Timon  
I know he was in Athens  
When I come back like Hamlet you pay for your action

Dat boy Akala, I do it As You Like  
You're Much Ado About Nothing  
All you do is bite it  
I'm too tight, I don't need 12 knights  
All you little Tempests get murked on the mic  
Of course I'm the one with the force  
You're history like Henry IV  
I'm fire, things look dire  
Better run like Pericles Prince Of Tyre  
Off the scale, cold as a Winter's Tale  
Titus Andronicus was bound to fail  
So will you if Akala get at ya  
That's suicide like Anthony & Cleopatra  
Cymbeline was a modern day Bridget Jones  
Love's labours lost, a woman on her own  
She needed Two Gentlemen Of Verona  
This is Illa State and I am the owner

Wise is the man that knows he's a fool  
Tempt not a desperate man with a jewel  
Why take from Peter to go pay Paul  
Some rise by sin and by virtue fall  
What have you made if you gain the whole world  
But sell your own soul for the price of a pearl  
The world is my oyster and I am starving  
I want much more than a penny or a farthing  
I told no joke, I hope you're not laughing

Poet or pauper which do you class him  
Speak eloquent, though I am resident to the gritty inner city  
That's surely irrelevant  
Call it urban, call it street  
A rose by any other name, smell just as sweet  
Spit so hard, but I'm smart as the Bard  
Come through with a Union Jack, full of yard

Akala, Akala, where for art thou?  
I am the black Shakespearian  
The secret's out now  
Chance never did crown me, this is destiny  
You still talk but it still perplexes me  
Devour cowards, thousands per hour  
Don't you know the king's name is a tower  
You should never speak it  
It is not a secret  
I teach thesis, like ancient Greece's  
Or Egyptology, never no apology  
In my mind's eye, I see things properly  
Stopping me, nah you could never possibly  
I bare a charmed life, most probably  
For certain I put daggers in a phrase  
I'll put an end to your dancing days  
No matter what you say it will never work  
Wrens can't prey  
Where eagles don't perch  
I'm the worst with the words  
Cos I curse all my verbs  
I'm the first with a verse to rehearse with a nurse  
There's a hearse for the first jerk who turn berserk  
Off with his head, cos it must not work  
Ramp with Akala, that's true madness  
And there's no method in it, just sadness  
I speak with daggers and the hammers  
Of a passion when I'm rappin I attack 'em  
In a military fashion the pattern of my rappin  
chattin couldn't ever map it  
And I run more rings round things than Saturn  
Verses split big kids wigs when I'm rappin  
That boy Akala, the black Shakespeare  
Did not want to listen, when I said last year  
Rich like a gem in Ethiopia's ear  
Tell them again  
For them who never hear